

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER
W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

AN AMERICAN INTERNAL POLICY.

- FIRST—PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF PUBLIC FRANCHISES.
The Values Created by the Community Should Belong to the Community.
- SECOND—DESTRUCTION OF CRIMINAL TRUSTS.
No Monopolization of the National Resources by Lawless Private Combinations More Powerful Than the People's Government.
- THIRD—A GRADUATED INCOME TAX.
Every Citizen to Contribute to the Support of the Government According to His Means, and Not According to His Necessities.
- FOURTH—ELECTION OF SENATORS BY THE PEOPLE.
The Senate, Now Becoming the Private Property of Corporations and Bosses, to be Made Truly Representative, and the State Legislatures to be Redeemed from Recurring Scandals.
- FIFTH—NATIONAL, STATE AND MUNICIPAL IMPROVEMENT OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.
As the Duties of Citizenship Are Both General and Local, Every Government, General and Local, Should Do Its Share Toward Fitting Every Individual to Perform Them.
- SIXTH—CURRENCY REFORM.
All the Nation's Money to be Issued by the Nation's Government, and Its Supply to be Regulated by the People and Not by the Banks.
- SEVENTH—NO PROTECTION FOR OPPRESSIVE TRUSTS.
Organizations Powerful Enough to Oppress the People Are No Longer "Infant Industries."

A Memo-
rable
Gathering.

The Peace Conference at The Hague is over. Far from being the ludicrous failure that the partisans of militarism predicted it would be, the gathering earned a place as one of the great historical assemblages of the world.

As the Journal pointed out when it first met, none but dreamers could have expected this single body, the first that ever came together for such a purpose, to accomplish at once destruction of that curse of war which had been bred into the bone of the human race since the first man began to walk on two feet, and which had been inherited by him from all the ages of competitive evolution since the primordial cells began their struggle for existence a million ages ago in the Archaean seas.

It was much if a beginning could be made, and that has been done. The Hague Conference has laid the foundation for a series of other conferences which will carry on and perfect its work. It has created a permanent tribunal of arbitration, under the auspices of sixteen powers. The representatives of fifteen countries have signed a convention on the rules of war; fifteen have agreed to extend the Geneva rules to land warfare; seventeen have signed the declaration prohibiting the use of explosives from balloons; sixteen have signed the prohibition of projectiles containing asphyxiating gases; fifteen have barred the use of dum-dum bullets, and all have signed the final act.

This is a great work for a first attempt. The next conference will be able to accomplish still more, for it will find the ground cleared.

MEDALS FOR
NEW YORK'S
SOLDIERS.

A soldier correspondent makes this excellent suggestion. Editor of the New York Journal: Would it not be a good plan to have Dewey give out the medals to the volunteers of New York State who served in the late war with Spain, if the State will give us medals, which they should?

Massachusetts gave her boys \$7 a month; Vermont gave hers a medal; Illinois has raised a fund. What has New York done? Nothing to give us to show that our services were of any use. Please put something on the editorial page about this, and see if the New York Legislature can afford to give her volunteers a few dollars, or even a small medal, for what we went through in the campaign.

ONE WHO FOUGHT IN THE TRENCHES AT SANTIAGO.

Unfortunately the Legislature will not be in session before Dewey arrives, but some way ought to be found of carrying out this idea. The medals would not cost much, and the men who took Santiago almost with their bare hands would prize such a memento of their exploit.

AN OPPONENT
OF
COMPULSORY
ARBITRATION.

We have received an interesting letter from a worker in a machine shop, whose wages amount to \$7.80 a week, on which he has to support himself, his wife and two children.

This correspondent is bitterly opposed to compulsory arbitration, which might preferably be called "obligatory" arbitration. His first objection is that such arbitration "will produce peace, but not justice." "We do not want to get our deserts gradually," he says; "we want them as soon as possible. Labor unions have now become so strong that they can all but hold their own with capital. Very soon they will more than hold their own, and will compel capital to give them proper wages."

We earnestly wish that this last statement were true, but unfortunately it is far from the truth. Especially with the growth of the Trusts, it is absolutely essential to the liberty of our workmen that the unions be strengthened; in fact, a national syndicate of labor will eventually become a necessity. And perhaps we shall have to invoke the help of our State Legislatures to accomplish that.

But now comes our correspondent's real reason for opposing compulsory arbitration. He wishes to explain what he means by "our deserts" and "proper wages," and so he proceeds:

I receive \$1.80 a day. My foreman informs me that there is not a man in the department in which I work who does not earn \$20 a week. They are robbed—for there is no other word that expresses it—by the men for whom they work.

This is most false and dangerous reasoning. It shows that our correspondent and his foreman are revolutionary socialists, for it is that kind of socialists that argue in this way, and thereby immensely hurt their cause, which surely is strong enough without such evident exaggerations.

No, the men do not "earn" \$20 a week. They may produce \$50 worth a week, but that is the result of their efforts alone? No; something of it is due to the efforts of those who direct their labor.

We assure our correspondent that it is much the better policy for our workmen to try "to get their deserts gradually." Another French Revolution will surely not help them.

A SOCIAL
RETREAT FROM
MOSCOW.

Society in India has been suffering from a severe attack of mother-in-law, but it is reported that the trouble will soon be over.

Mrs. Levi Z. Leiter, of Chicago, and her two daughters, the mother and sisters of Lady Curzon, wife of the Viceroy of India, attempted to exact regal precedence and it was refused. The right of Lady Curzon herself to royal honors is very doubtful, and when it comes to extending them to her ladyship's entire caravan of Chicago relatives Simla society draws the line.

As republican women Mrs. Leiter and her daughters simply degraded themselves. They adopted aristocratic standards, and then foolishly strove to reach positions to which, judged by such standards, they had no claim.

If they had conducted themselves as self-respecting American women, all would have gone well with them. They would have been treated with courtesy and esteem, and their visit would have been most enjoyable. Instead they have spoiled the social season in Simla and won the indignation and contempt of the ladies there.

In this country their absurd pretensions only excite ridicule, and cause regret that we should be represented abroad by women who show such a lack of understanding and appreciation of the nobler dignities of democracy.

FRIENDS
OF
THE ROSE.

The American Rose Society has been recently formed and has already a large following. Its object is to increase interest in the cultivation of the rose by giving exhibitions at which prizes will be awarded for improved varieties. The officers of the society are all well-known men. Mr. Paul M. Pierson, of Scarborough, N. Y., is secretary.

Lovers of flowers will be interested in this effort to bring to greater perfection the beautiful "Queen of the Garden." An organization of this nature cannot fail to awaken in many an affection for and appreciation of this lovely blossom.

The rose has played an important part in song, romance and history. We are all familiar with the sad, sweet strains of "The Last Rose of Summer." Queen Victoria signified her preference for her cousin-lover, Prince Albert, by fastening a rose in his coat. The most bitter and prolonged of civil conflicts were the English Wars of the Roses. White roses crown the happy bridal and lighten the gloom of the funeral pall. Flowers are like music. They add to our joy and soften even the bitterest pain. Love for them should be encouraged and increased.

CAN'T SHAKE OFF THAT BUTCHER ANCESTOR.



Depend upon it, my snobbish friend, Your family thread you can't ascend Without good reason to apprehend That you'll find it waxed at the other end By some Plebeian vocation. —Hood.

CONDENSED EDITORIALS.

THE PEOPLE OF SOUTH CAROLINA are indignant at the appointment of a negro to be postmaster at Florence, in that State. Of course the right of the colored brother to hold office is indisputable, but it would seem as if a little of the tact for which President McKinley is so noted would lead him to locate his negro postmasters in towns where local sentiment would welcome them—in Canton, Ohio, for instance.

ADMIRAL DEWEY has visited the imperial stables near Trieste, but he found nothing there so remarkable as the progeny of the Herald's mare's nests.

THE AMERICANS who are accused of selling arms to the Filipinos are a bad lot, of course, but they are no more pernicious than those enemies of their country whose contributions to the insurgent cause have been limited to "aid and comfort."

PEOPLE WHO LAMENT the omnipotence of money may be consoled by the reflection that a fortune of a hundred million dollars has not been able to buy William Waldorf Astor a pedigree that will hold water.

Doesn't Sympathize with "Discouraged Wage Earner."

Editor of the New York Journal: Sir—I wish to say a word in reply to the "Discouraged Wage Earner." Mr. F. N. Chase, who makes a plaintive wail in your issue of this morning.

Mr. Chase would probably make the same complaint were his income \$175 instead of \$75 per month.

In the first place, Mr. Chase is paying too much for rent. He should not pay over \$15 a month for suitable accommodations in Brooklyn.

His grocery bill for two people is extravagant, for, according to his own statement, his children do not consume any groceries; they live on condensed milk. This item of expense should not exceed, per month, 15.00.

His butcher's bill is all right at 5.00.

His cow's milk bill is high, if his children live on condensed milk, although he does not show any item of expense for condensed milk. But let the cow's milk bill go at 2.00.

His gas bill is all right, for he evidently uses gas for cooking, as he shows no item of expense for coal. 2.00.

His lunch expense is not extravagant at 6.00.

Car fare O. K. at 2.00.

His laundry expense seems high, if his wife is in good health, and I assume she is, for he does not show any item of expense for doctor or medicine. I think he should worry along on an expense for this item of 4.00.

Payment on furniture O. K. at 5.00.

Ice O. K. at 1.40.

Total\$58.00

Income per month.....\$75.00

Living expenses on reasonable basis... 58.00

Leaving for other items of necessity or amusement, per month.....\$17.00

Mr. Chase assumes himself to be a fairly strong-minded man. Well, if he is, let him learn how to make the best of his income instead of complaining to the public prints. Let him use his energy and mental gifts in bettering his position and income rather than in writing letters to the newspapers. Comparatively, Mr. Chase is a very fortunate man. I know lots of men with families similar to his who earn only \$50 or \$60 a month. With the help of their wives, they make the most of it and seem to be quite contented. If not blithely happy. Does Mr. Chase expect some one to pay him \$175 a month just because he has the capacity to use it? If Mr. Chase has the requisite qualities—push and brains—he can better his condition very much; that is to say, he can increase his income. But I doubt if he will increase his capacity for business. His is not a case for lachrymose consideration. I know some that are. B. M. T.

150 Franklin street, New York.

Unconvinced.

The Sweet Young Thing—You say that marriage is a failure, but just take notice of the men you meet to-day and you will have to admit that you have been mistaken. The married men, as a rule, look much happier than their bachelor brethren.

Old Mr. Crusty—Yes, of course they do. Why shouldn't they? Most of their wives are getting ready to go away for the Summer.—Chicago Times Herald.



"O Hal has unexpectedly inherited a fortune!" said the girl with the arched brows. "I suppose that you are to be congratulated, too?"

"H'm, I don't know," replied the girl with the arched brows. "My Aunt Lucille, who is a man-hater, says I am; but—"

"You surely don't mean to say that you have promised to be a sister to him?"

"I do not. If there is one relationship more than another in which he would prefer not to have me stand to him, a sister is that one. And it is all because of the cook, a horrid piece of fried chicken, and Tom!"

"I suppose you know what you are talking about yourself, dear, and that is something. Or perhaps it is a joke. I notice that things which seem merely stupid to me usually are jokes. In consequence, I laugh at them lest some one explain. Shall I laugh now?"

"Don't dare! This is not a joke, but a tragedy!" wailed the girl with the arched brows. "You might know that to look at my hair. Why, it hasn't been curled for two days. You know I offered to keep house for Tom while Hilda was at the seashore. She left on Monday. On Tuesday I had a few people to dinner—not more than ten. On Wednesday I told the maid—Hilda keeps but one—to do up my blue organdy, wash all the windows and make a quantity of currant jelly. I was determined to do my duty to Tom."

"Yes, and the result?"

"Was that she was out of the basement door inside of ten minutes. She went to Tom's office, drew her wages, and told him that he would better send out a keeper and a straitjacket for me!"

"H'm! I suppose you will leave the day before Hilda returns, won't you? That maid was the apple of her eye."

"Two days before, dear. Well, I decided that the windows didn't really need washing; that my organdy would do with pressing, and that currant jelly, in quantities, is very indigestible. That settled, I remembered that Tom would probably expect dinner as usual. Men are so queer. Why, my father even expects dinner on the day on which mamma gives an afternoon tea, although there is sure to be plenty of frappe and sandwiches left over."

"Of course he does. And yet somebody—Juliet, wasn't it?—once said that men are only a little lower than the angels."

"Did she? Humpf! It was just as well that Juliet died young, if she had any such ideas in her head. Well, after I had got through crying I decided on a lovely surprise for Tom."

"Oh! You decided to take him to a restaurant for dinner, as a nice change, didn't you?"

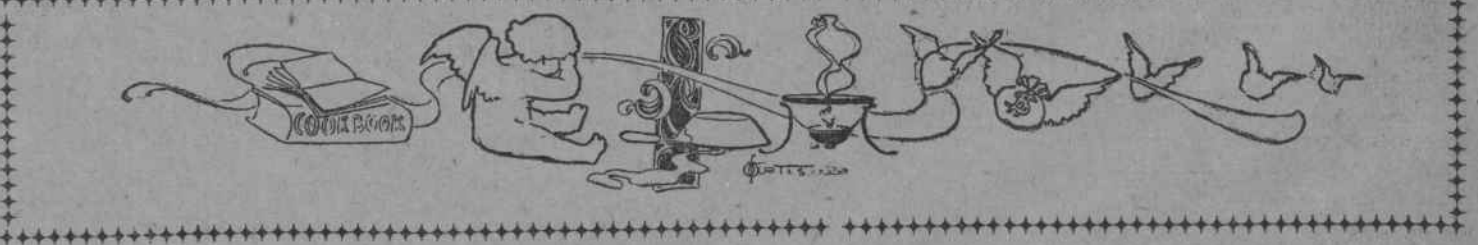
"No, dear; I knew he wouldn't go. I was reading a Southern novel in which the heroine used to fry the loveliest chicken in a white muslin frock. Now, I never fried any chicken, but I knew I could do it as well as a girl who said 'You all' on every page. Well, I got out all of Hilda's best china, forgetting I'd have to wash it myself, gathered the flowers from the window boxes to adorn the table, and—"

"Goodie!" They might take the edge off Tom's appetite."

"M'm! Then I put on my pale pink lawn and went into the kitchen. Frying chickens seems easy enough, if you believe the cook book, but it did not tell me how long it took to fry, and I thought about two hours; so I put it on and went upstairs to my novel, wondering why women make such a fuss about cooking. I'm sure I hadn't read more than two chapters when I smelled something burning."

"The chicken, of course."

"It was, and the smoke in the kitchen was so dense that I feared the fire engines would get there before I did. Well, I got what was left of the chicken off the stove somehow, and after I'd scraped it well I found several pieces would be fit to put on the table."



HOW M. GORON SOLVED A CRIME. IN A DREAM HE SAW THE MURDER.

M. GORON, former Chief of Detectives of Paris, tells in his "Memoirs" how he solved in 1891 a terrible enigma.

In her room, tapestried with banners and decked with religious art objects, an old woman was found strangled under a heavy oaken chest.

In his sleep he saw the murdered woman's room, with its banners and religious art objects. He saw her enter with her big mass book under her arm.

The exertion of climbing upstairs had made her pant for breath. She sat on a chair for a moment, arose and walked to an oak chest in the closet.

She pulled the oak chest, making it grate noisily on the floor, into her room. Suddenly an old woman with disheveled hair, carrying a rope, sprang into the room behind Mme. Bazire.

"I have enough of your tramway," the intruder cried. "You'll never wake me up with it again!"

She struggled with the rope over Mme. Bazire, who, terrified, had not uttered a sound, and threw the oak chest over her.

Then the murderer, the old woman who was so zealous in indicating possible clues to the police, looked around her, frightened, ran to the mantelpiece, took the clock, placed it under her arm and disappeared.

M. Goron, at 6 in the morning, ordered his famous Lieutenant Barbaste to search the murderer's room for the lost clock and obtain the woman's confession. Barbaste said to her:

"I do not blame you at all. I can't think of anything more expiating than the noise of an oak chest pulled over the floor over one's head by a decrepit old woman. I would have killed her myself."

"It didn't take a long time to kill her, I can tell you," she exclaimed.

"Of course not," said Barbaste. "But what have you done with the clock?"

"I have hidden it under my bed," she said.

There it was. She was brought to M. Goron, and said:

"When I had taken the clock I cried at her, 'You'll never again hear it ring.' The murderer was sent to the insane asylum. M. Goron suppresses her name."

M. Goron was a good detective. I imagine that he knew this too well. He has written his "Memoirs" himself, in two volumes, the most interesting revelation of which is in that report of a dream. The fault is in his style.

A professional writer might have presented M. Goron's experience with captivating interest.

HENRI PENE DU BOIS.

Living on Fifteen Dollars a Week.

Editor of the New York Journal: I'm indeed sorry for Mr. F. N. Chase, the "Discouraged Wage Earner," not so much on account of his small income as because of his inability to cope with the household needs.

The household should have as much thought as a man's business, and science is needed there more than anywhere else.

Because it is necessary that we should do so, my wife and I (we have no children) are demonstrating that it is possible to live well on a small income. Necessity is the mother of wisdom as well as of much else, and we have learned that simple living is the best. I have had a much larger salary than my present one, and if I were to have it again I would not live any differently.

My salary is fifteen dollars per week, and this is how it goes:

To my mother.....\$4.00

Rent.....5.00

The table.....2.50

Gas......50

Insurance......50

Car fare, etc.....1.00

Clothes, etc.....1.50

Total.....\$15.00

Of course, I have to admit that my wife is unusually intelligent and has more than the average of common sense. That two dollars and fifty cents for the table represents considerable thought. Friends stay for ten two and three days in the week.

I am not discouraged, but proud of the showing.

A BROOKLYN READER.